THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XX. | PUBLISHED BY GEO. R. GRAHAM & CO. 8. W. Corner of Third and Chesnut Streets, Seeond Story. | PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 21, 1840. | TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM. $1 IF PAID IN ADVANCE. $1 25 IN ADVANCE FOR 6 MONTHS. | WHOLE NO. 1008.

Original Communications.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Stranger.

BY GEORGE W. PARKE.

Forgetfulness is there—
The meadow sweeps within a fairy breeze,
And the low murmur of the summer air,
Comes on the light-winged hour,
Like memory of a sound.

Lo! a meadow at her side; and spread around
Are wild-flowers in the blossom of their prime,
Culled from the haunted ground.

Oh! she is bewitched—
A lesser joy could ne'er be worth of her
The ruby of her lip, in cold and dull—
Yellow is her eye-beam's hue,
Dark, glossy hair ina stayed
In silken manner o'er her bosom's white.
Marking the tendency where the zephyr played,
Or pensive fingod with light

Sweetly the wild bird's song,
In floating on soft cadence quivers,
And whispering insects swiftly wing along,
On some bright errand bound

Her vesture white as the
Pure spirit screen wrought in the purple vest,
With hues of glory when the dying day,
Stoops to its golden rest

And sweet it is that dreams
Of cares than earthly brightness, should be where
The freshness of etherial beauty seems
Upon a form as fair.

For there is no shadow of regret—
I would not cease that pictured loveliness
But yet the magic spell still lasts me stay,
And I feel its power no less.

Yet see I go, one look—
And that the last—then nerve ry's pen of flame
Shall write in darkness of the midnight hour
Bright, lasting, and the same.

West Chester Pa.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Choice of a Husband;

OR,

A Daughter's Regard.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

If the choice of a friend contributes so much to the colour of our existence, how much greater importance is the choice of a husband; for on this choice depends the happiness or the misery of a whole life.

The ties of friendship may be broken, sometimes even replaced by others still more sweet, but the ties of Hymen are indissoluble: death alone can destroy them, and no well educated young person can form the too without making the following reflections: "I enchain for ever my destiny to the being, whom I have it in my power to change it at will. Nature and the laws submit me to his authority, he will be the sovereign arbiter of my happiness, my fortune, and my reputation,—my very name will be lost in his. I must share his success, his reverses, his glory, his shame, his riches, his poverty, his place, his pleasures, in a word, his whole existence."

After making these or similar reflections, what young person will regret to study the character, the means of ascertaining the character, the morals, the habits, and the connexions of him whom her heart proposes to choose? A man, always ready, in marring the enchanting mask which he wears to please her, she will find him altogether unworthy of love at once or dear and on reflection. Ah! how justly merited is the fate, how unworthy are they are those young silly girls, who without reflection accept the first offer which flatters their vanity, contract the sacred ties of matrimony merely with the view of gratifying their vanity for display, by mounting a carriage, or shewing off a few diamonds in the giddy round of fashion. Beside, opulence, a handsome face, and graceful manners are not always the sure tokens of conjugal happiness. The man who enjoys the most elevated rank in society may fall into the most obscure. The most opulent may dissipate his wealth by foolish extravagance; a handsome face is almost universally attended with a fopishness—a self-conceit which makes a husband think much more of himself than of his wife. Those affected manners, that consequential air, that self sufficiency which is now called a few ten generally indicates a futvious and superficial mind! But the man who is neither so elevated as to fear a downfall, nor too low to have a right to expect to rise; the man whose playsgroundy bespeaks mind, judgment, frankness, goodness of heart, whose modest and unaffected manners show at once sense and education, whose respect for religion denotes him a virtuous man, whose attention to the duties of society put him above want, and enable him to say, "Whatever be the strokes of fate my expences can be within my income;" the man whose life and cherished being who alone can make the ties of Hymen blessed, and a with happy.

Mr. Adherton was the proprietor of an extensive manufactory. His zeal, his assiduous labor, some material improvements, which he had suggested not only contributing to enhance the value of the goods, but also to the economy of the workmanship, had given him a high reputation among the manufacturers of Paris. Young Adherton endeavored to shine beneath the veil of the fame conferred on him by redoubling his efforts for the prosperity of himself and patrons, by active industry, enterprise, and untiring devotion to his business, and his efforts were crowned with signal success.

Adherton soon rose to the height of fortune and happiness. His wife was one of those women whose solid qualities constitute immediately the prosperity of a family or house; she constantly assisted her husband in business—transcribed the correspondence with the various clerks in connexion with the house, in the absence of her husband overlooked the pushing of the goods, encouraged the women among the work people, and attended to their wants, and in daily charity among them sought to unite opportunities

importance which had always affected my nerves so intolerably, and that effectually removed all the obstacles which had risen in my way; and ended our conversation for the time.

My parents departed for the North. I dutifully attended them to the train, and bade them farewell with a light heart. Then I set off upon my own expedition in high spirits, and in a small open carriage, with luggage behind and a pair of horses that I could trust. I had had about me from my boyhood. Rapid travelling soon brought me to the place where I had arranged to spend the time to be devoted to the mountains. This was a quiet farm-house, not far from the village to which my father's letters were to be addressed, and very near to the cottage of Mr. Brandels. I took up my abode at this place, as soon as I could persuade the farmer that I was a well-conducted person, and of course without suspicion of the truth. He expressed pleasure at the anticipation of my society during the rest of the summer, and pressed me during my stay to consider the house to be as much at home. I promised him very sincerely that I would.

He was eager to show me the improvement which a fortnight had made in the promise of his fruits and vegetables, and led the way at once to his garden. In vain did I inquire for the invalid. His mind was running away from them; and, now in all the felicity of a proverb, new in the enthusiasm of a horticulturist, he chatted of a thousand other things. At last the declining sun, and the sight of Julie at a distance, brought the duties of a host to his mind, and he invited me to share their evening meal. Again, then, I was in the monolit porch, with the honey-suckles breathing around me; Hebrus, pale and pensive, seated beside her father, and my mistress Julie, Julie's beloved—this last feature of the scene impressing my interest in it. She condescended to place her white hand upon the dark head of the "good native" for" and to admire the brightness of her silky hair, and I suffered even this small extermination to give me pleasure. We talked, during supper, only of my future visit; and I was candid to shew the accuracy of my recollections.

I observed that the roses were not quite out of bloom, and remembered the bright red rose-bush which had succeeded them. Then I hailed Mariscilen by name upon her entrance, and even added affectionately for the pony "Kaiser." They seemed to be gratified at the minute attention, and after awhile, by way, I imagine, of reciprocation, Mr. Brandels questioned me as to Williams, for whom he expressed a great liking.

"Williams! He was at home, and about to commence the practice of his profession, and he is satisfied at a profession. His father was poor, and my friend being an independent fellow, was resolved to spare him all expense on his own account: to force Law and Economy into strict companionship, and to meet at once, with becoming courage, the roughness of poverty."

"What you call in English, 'taking the bull by the horns,' said Mr. Brandels complacently.—"Am I not applying correctly the proverb?"

"Quite, sir,—O, quite."

"Or 'eating his ash cake, till the pudding can bake.' See I have learned, poor scholar, proverbs quite appropriate!"

"Very appropriate."

"Poverty is nothing, at last," observed Mr. Brandels, "unless one is in love, of which, to be sure, it aggravates the natural disquietude and uncertainty, when the flame is turned inside the fireplace. Was Mr. Williams attached to any body?" It was always a fortunate thing to have some such object to inspire exertion. He had found it so himself."

"I believe his has no such object."

"Pity, pity! why has he not?"

"Perhaps," said I, "he may fancy a poor gentleman, has himself nobility to win the heart of a lady, in an age which accounts cash a necessary of life."

"Let him recall an excellent proverb—" Faint heart never won fair lady!" The ladies, I assure myself, are not so unfrequent."

"So prudent, we will say, sir. I have heard my mother aver that it was no favor from a timidly provided lady, to bestow her hand upon a youth no richer than his wits could make him."

She pitiably observes that the girl only doubles his poverty—which is rather a doubtful advantage."

"Ah! she is a person of fortune, who even values luxuries to which she has become habituated. Now, there is no telling how much more to be prized is the truth of a disinterested attachment—how much sweeter even the exertions we make and the privations we bear for another, than all the gratifications which begin and end in ourselves."

"That is a very noble sentiment, sir. The pity is, that so few should bring it into practice, and think, of those few, so large a proportion should find in it a great deal more than they meant to undertake. Williams, however, was once in love, I believe; but thought the match would not have been independent, as the lady possessed the gift which fortune had denied to my friend, yet 'the means of two are had not enough to live on,' and the object of his affections refused and laugh-ed Adieu."

"Ah, never mind! Let him be consoled:—'As good fish,' Mr. Fembroke, 'are in the sea as ever came out of it.' Such is the wisdom of excellent proverbs!"

"Confound the proverbs!" thought I, but I turned to Julie, and begged that she would suffer me to bring her guitar."

That evening, and in conversation with the beautiful singer, when her lay was over, I consumed the evening, and afterward came a two-light walk, to the farm-house, complained by sweet fancies.

Many such evenings followed, and many were the mornings when I called to drive Helena and Julie out among the hills. However, I observed a trace of pleasantry, or game of any other kind, the disposition of Hortchen brought me to the cottage. Soon I was there almost every day, and I found not only that I made a welcome addition to their social circle, but that I was supposed always with pleasure,—sometimes even with impatience.

"Ah, my good Mr. Fembroke, I have been waiting for you. You are very late this evening:' Did you not promise to look into my orchard this afternoon? I do assure you, sir, the fruit comes on most obscuringly. See, there is Kaiser, too, looking over the fence at you. He really knows you. Why, Mr. Fembroke, your little mysterious exception has made you a favorite of friends?"

"I am delighted to hope so, sir, indeed."

Why, sir, you are a favorite with all the neighborhood, a "change came o'er the spirit of my dream." Hubarte I had begun in my memory the prediction of William's, that a change would prove to be less interested in Julie than I could have imagined, and that I should ascertain the first when my honour would have become so far engrossed, as to render my attention an awkward one. Restrained by the fear it awakened, I had carefully guarded my deportment, that it betrayed I might betray the sentiments which had brought me to the valley. Therefore, I had hitherto been content to share with her father and sister the pleasure of Julie's society. I had been perfectly happy during our morning drives, when Helena was always with us, and when, afterward, we sat at their little parlor, shaded as it was, from too much light, and breathing of the flowers which were cast fresh in the simple room that were distributed about the room, reading, or forming our remote, or music, and now practising a duet, now talking sweetly together of our several pursuits, I had experienced as much satisfaction as I had reason to believe belonged to life. Time was always developing some grace in Julie, or bringing out some good and tender trait. I am not certain that when she followed with thoughtful eyes her pencil's course upon the picture she knew as well how to excuse. Another day, when the bright sun was oppressive, she flew to open Helena, or when her prompt affection dictated some quiet attention to the poor invalid. Some people call it fascination, but I call it simply, and confidently by the romance attached to an undeveloped character. For my part, it was joy enough for me to know that Julie was there, and to watch the unconscious and every proof of kindness and truth afforded by her conduct increased the attachment I was prepared to find for her. All this bright-eyed observation had heretofore kept me content with the continued presence of her family, but now I began to wish that Julie would love me. I could not, however, ask this, without the risk of being told, plainly, that I was not the person whose affections I cared to win. Therefore, I was resolved to wait, and patiently to watch the progress of her heart. If, however, I found that Julie had the garden looked better by moonlight, when I was sure that Helena could not accompany me, from a fear of the night-air, and when I knew very well that Mr. Brandels would remain with his pipe.

The truth was, that I was now certain of myself. I believed that my own sentiments were now fixed as Fate, and my only hope was as to certain those of my fair companion. Yes, Mariscilen, you were right, whatever might be said, I was not satisfied myself of Julie's feelings whilst the presence of other people could grant their interest to me could I, you know, so readily intimate to her my own, 'before their faces,' as we sometimes say. There is no end to disguise in the fact, that the lover, in spite of his enthusiasm, has always a faint conscious-ness about him, of the extreme narrowness of the line between the sublime and the ridiculous, which is, perhaps, a reason why he rarely declares his passion in public. So I gradually made it a custom to draw Julie away under various slight pretences, and in these I may interviews I often dwelt upon the very verge of tender speech. By various means, I marked her demeanor when I was of course still deferential to her very fancies, and this was the more easy, because I was very apt to a-bept them myself. I could not but perceive in my self-love, that she was pleased with what love is invariably the teacher, and as soon as I had assured myself that such was the truth, I was prepared to be more explicit. I had agreed to join to conclude Mr. Brandels, and, by a thousand delicate attentions, I had striven to acquire the good-will of Helena. But I was stationed I now made a last and bold endeavor. I entrusted to her my intentions with regard to Julie, under the seal of secrecy, never dreaming that there could be only a smile in reply, I had regarded this answer as the happiest omen. The conversation had an unusually interesting influence, for I was now more frequently left to the company of Julie only. When thus agreeably situated, I was generally enraptured with the country around her home, declared it the sweetest never to leave it, yet sometimes dwelt a little upon the beauty of my boyhood residence, and then intimated how charming it might be to divide existence between the two. Then I gazed upon the cottage and its grounds with the truest admiration.

"And sad, if there's peace to be found in the world, The heart that is humble may hope for it here."

And then I sighed, almost shocked myself with the affection that to look for it here, would, of all earthly measures, the least imply humility.

If Julie had not comprehended all I was saying, she had heard me very well. How dear old Mariscilen had not been without her share of my politeness. I had brought her nanny a dish of cakes from Julie's hand, and I often gave her a kind breach to fasten her neck-dress. Mariscilen was full, then, and raw-boned; her eyes were small. Nose, and of a very pale color, and her unusual approach to pleasantry was given in the last degree, yet she had a heart, if one could find the way to it, and I had the spur of the occasion for, for Mariscilen had a culinary pride, and she also loved ornaments, though what it was that she imagined they could confer upon her I never could discover. Nevertheless, I suppose she was better informed, for, after the present of the breast-pin, I found myself entitled to her official courtesy, and most rigid smile. Thus my prospects with the whole family were of the most encouraging character.

It was now the end of September, and yet, unaccountably, I had forgotten that I should ever find it necessary to return to my home. From high agreeable obliviousness I was, however, awakened by a letter from my father. It announced the return of my mother and himself, assured me of his anxiety to see me, and of his impatience to have his horses again at home; reminded me that I would soon be of age, and that we would have accounts to settle; and finally, expressing a hope that I had now shot birds enough for the season, required me to come back to his country-seat as early as I possibly could.

I was in despair, for I would not offend my father, and I felt the difficulty of leaving Julie without wearing first some tie between us; but, even if success should crown my suit, it would be terrible to tear myself away. In agitation which you, Mrs. Vere, would consider perfectly absurd, I hastened to the cottage. I found Mariscilen at Helena," she told me, "was more indisposed than ever, and at present sleeping in her own apartment.—Mr. Brandels was absent on an errand of charity, and Julie had walked into the garden." I hurried thither.

She was standing beneath a tree, which grew over the stream, whose waters, as I have told you, flowed through the garden. The breath of autumn had already passed along the foliage, and the leaves of many had assumed the hues golden, brown and crimson—a strange gaiety of decay, which, with all its beauty, carries an idea of mel-ancholy to the heart. The natural suggestion, of which I was hastily conscious then, although I would afterward remember it, was that of the departure of the year, with its glories and pomsies, and looking down upon the rivulet, with an air of pensive abstraction from the scene around her.

"What has happened?" I asked, unable to command my apprehensions.

"Helena is worse," answered Julie despondingly.

I tried to comfort her, but the dread of her mother's approaching fate seemed to deny my words all access to her heart. I impetuously expressed my grief at being forced to leave her so soon a time.

"Are you going?" said Julie. The tone indicated distress, and her cheek grew pale. My heart beat at the thought of the interest implied by both circumstances. But I could think of consequences, my own feelings were subduing themselves so quickly as words could utter them.

"Now, Mrs

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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General News.

MELANCHOLY CASUALTY.—The New Orleans Picayune brings the following particulars of a distressing casualty which happened in Springfield, Illinois—They are extracted from a letter addressed to Mr. G. Curley in New Orleans:

On Sunday, the sixteenth ultimo, the mother, the wife and two children of Mr. Cundy, in a two horse carriage, were proceeding to pay a visit to a friend in Springfield, Ill. In attempting to cross a bridge over Sugar creek, fifteen miles from Mount Carmel—the bridge was without a railing—the horses became unmanageable, and struck his head on the bank of the creek, which caused him to fall into the creek, instantly drowning the whole party! The bodies of the wife and youngest child had been recovered, and further search was progressing at the time the letter was written. Thus has a respectable individual been robbed of all his heart held dear, by one sudden and unexpected stroke of misfortune.

THE FLORIDA WAR.—A correspondent of the New York Post remarks that he had received a letter from Fort Fanning, (on the Suwannee River) from a gentleman of intelligence, who has resided with an office in Florida, dated Oct. 27th, which says he closes

"The two Squaws who went out from Tampa, about the time you left, returned the other day with ten 'buck' Indians, and report that three hundred more are coming in. They are either playing a humbug game, or the Indian individual have subdued all his heart held dear, by one sudden and unexpected stroke of misfortune.

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THE OLIO.

Tuesday's the queen of life,
Then comes Wednesday's child.

From the New Orleans Picayune.
Mr. Gliddon's Lecture—Egyptology.

"Open every day, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly."

Well, then and lecturer! hands and heart!
What's the whole thing about?
And what a lot of viziers!
Come every day in term.
The Jonahites, and Ramblers,
Sentinels, and pantry,
All ready to be shocked, and
Phi Mu Gamma's entry!

Oh, Mr. Gliddon! may my love—
Yes, indeed—delight!
Don't know when I've been so pleased,
That is, only to be English!
Lord, what a rapture you'll have
Astonishment to me!
I wish they'd don't some fete soon, for,
They'll be as nice as one!"

Well, read "Egyptian Hall: they go,
Admirin' up and down;
The crowds of old and young,
The fine brow'd and brainy,
And very few dull or ignorant, and
Then comes Mr. Gliddy;
And there you hears an hidden clap—
And jingles! and a squeal!
Oh, gracious, gracious! Miss my soul!
Do ruby look, my dear!
Quite fine, I do assure—but pose—
I wouldn't go no near;
The strange Ingles! when a noise—
He shall sit shrieked and out,
And then 'tis all of Barbers
Is growin' in no hour!

Well, first the strange Ingles goes
A stroke of wind about;
And turns his nose way to se la-
Dies and men and then
And now and then a spit a-head,
And now and then a rub;
And no one ever would see in he-
Dic-le but he will.

Well, then the strange Ingles goes
A jump upon the table,
And every one's a warne' just
As fast as he is seen,
And Mr. Gatlin turns him round,
And shows off all the Egyptian
And tells the fittin' best sailings and
Some other Ingles notions.

Now then 'tis astronomy!" and
As every one he notices,
Some of science, he has got
A turn for observations;
The planets is "a-pects," with
A figure, forsi- and
And also for books, as stands for la-
Titudes and longitudes.

Then he takes a pencil, and the whole three?
You don't mean to end them all in one day?

The Prisoner.—No, sir; but I am obliged to act nothing until toward here I have had a verdict on my lungs, and the doctors say that must won't do for me.

Alderman Gibbs.—But why buy so much?

The Prisoner.—To have it stale. (A laugh.) As I am allowed to eat nothing but bread, I always buy by a lot of it.

Alderman Gibbs.—But you must not buy it up in this way. Now, as I don't think that bread is the best remedy for an asthma, we'll try a little of the medicine of the Sherwell.

The Prisoner.—That won't cure it.

Alderman Gibbs.—It may cure the disease of diabetes. At all events it will caution others.—Committed for a month.

The Sea Newspaper.—A young lady, who was in the frequent habit of borrowing the fine novels of her neighbors, stopped suddenly into his room a few mornings since in search of blooming and beautiful. "Mr. ——," she asked, "will you be so obliging as to lend me your *Sun*?" Before he could reply, his son J. who had the paper in his hand, stepped up to the young lady and said, "here I am at your service, Miss ——." She blushed—what young lady would not in such a case? She smiled—could she be less in view of such an offer? The paper was handed to her, she took it and fled, as a well young lady might be expected to do, who wanted time to make up her mind. How she decided we cannot say; but her red flaked seem to call at the gentlemen's house every morning to borrow the Sun. We shouldn't be surprised to learn, one of these days, that she had borrowed both his Sun and his son, and forgot to return either of them.

Answer to a Dun.—A creditor in New York a few days since received the following quaint particular from his debtor, which he (the latter) minded that his note had arrived at maturity:—

"Dear Sir.—If possible excuse note to per—
(That is dear, I can't pay you to-day.)
I of course shall be able to meet your demand,
When to provide same, as I understand:
But Fortune is all the circumstances to know,
And quite variable affairs here below;
For this and of course will excuse me,
With claims honorable and just, will comply;
Those shyers who claim must now have an end
I remain,
My dear sir,
Your o-bedgeable friend.

Sept. 4, 1848."

Causes of Criminal Quarrel.—For Pope's exquisite good sense take the following, which is applicable to "Nothing like common sense" in the aggressions of people who live together but more vanity—a sweet insisting upon what they think their dignity or merit, and an inward appreciation of each one's sense of deference and regard as answers to their own extravagant false scale, and which nobody can pay, because none but themselves can tell exactly to what pitch it attempts to." Thousands of house would be happy to-morrow if their passage were written in letters of gold over the mantle piece, and the offenders could have the courage to apply it to themselves.

The Advantage of Early Training.—The following dialogue is reported to have occurred at the Queen's residence, between a medical witness and a barrister:

Mr. Hayes, (the barrister.) If a person lying on your stomach or chest so as to affect the motions or operations of life, would it not hasten death?

Dent. Edge.—That would greatly depend on whether they had been accustomed to sleep.

Mr. Hayes.—Are you mean to tell us that if a person lived in a hearsepond, it would not be injurious to him?

Doctor Dodge.—I think not, if he had lived for 60 or 70 years in it.

Scotch Accent.—A judge of the Court of Session, well known for speaking his mother tongue in its broadest accent, as well on the bench as in common discourse, on a particular occasion was addressed by a barrister, equally noted for the elegance and purity of his style, as his Lordship was the reverse, who opened the case of his client in the following words:—"My Lord, the pur*tic*ular, my client, is an itinerant violin player."—"What's that?" said his Lordship; in that tone of "a kick fiddler?" — "Vulgarly so called," said the lawyer.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post
Love Song.

Don't mate my time now, let me hear those words again,
Which tell me that I am beloved, unworthy tho' I be.
Imagine but fleshly dark partner, the joy which ever me
Is the soft music of thy voice; the blandest truth revealed.
That I take to me and love me, and that I am beloved.
And that none under Heaven is dearer to my friend.

Poem I penned a talisman in thy unchanging love. S.

From the Philadelphia Chronicle.

Cruising in the Last War.

No. XV.

"Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!"
Childe Harold.

Gibraltar.

There is a cliff, whose high and beetling head
Looks boldly in the southern sea,
And o'er its base the tide is ever spread
Where'er the breeze may be.

There is a rock, which on upon the shore
Brought us into port with no little relish. My own adventures while their prisoner excited considerable attention, and for a while my story was looked upon as almost incredible. The miserable prisoners whom we had saved alive from that terrible dungeon suffered in a southern port, the reward of their crimes.

On reaching my lodgings one evening, a few days after my arrival in Philadelphia, a servant handed me a packet, sealed with a coat of arms, and post-marked in England. I opened it eagerly. My hopes were realized on reading the signature. It was from Mr. Purcell. The letter was dated a months back, and had lain some time in the English port. Never shall I forget my sensations as I perused it. My heart throbbed with the keenest gratitude, and it must have been indeed a heart of adamant which could have remained unaffected by the kind tone of the letter. It seemed to proceed upon me a vast to England. What could I do? My heart pleaded in favor of the acheter; I wrote, urging my friend to write to prosecute it; and more than all, there was no resisting a second invitation, in the shape of a postscript, in a certain hand, and written evidently in the most sudden-like and delicious manner, urging me not to forget old friends and "Isabel." My eyes swam, my brain grew giddy with joy as I read these words—that moment I would not see than all I had besides. I pressed the dear hand-writing to my lips. In a fortnight I was ready and all, and I was on my passage to England from New York, when I received a despatch one night from Washington, announcing me to a temporary appointment in the navy, and requiring me to sail for the Mediterranean in three days, in the United States Frigate ——. The duty was a honorable one, and would soon be performed; and after its execution would have me free to prose-cute my journey to England. Besides this the service was described in terms which hardly admitted a refusal. I had no time, just before the war, on the Mediterranean station as a midshipman, and hoping to have it in my power to render an unexpected service to one high in rank in the quarter to which I was now destined, it was thought, and with justice, that my services would be more effective than those of any other officer who could be sent on such a mission. I had no alternative, therefore, but to accept the appointment so flatteringly made. For days suffused the whole of my instructions, and within the contemplated time I was once more at sea under my country's flag. As my mission was of a secret nature, I have never noticed it on my lungs, and the doctors say that must won't do for me.

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The Prisoner.—That won't cure it.

Alderman Gibbs.—It may cure the disease of diabetes. At all events it will caution others.—Committed for a month.

The Sea Newspaper.—A young lady, who was in the frequent habit of borrowing the fine novels of her neighbors, stopped suddenly into his room a few mornings since in search of blooming and beautiful. "Mr. ——," she asked, "will you be so obliging as to lend me your *Sun*?" Before he could reply, his son J. who had the paper in his hand, stepped up to the young lady and said, "here I am at your service, Miss ——." She blushed—what young lady would not in such a case? She smiled—could she be less in view of such an offer? The paper was handed to her, she took it and fled, as a well young lady might be expected to do, who wanted time to make up her mind. How she decided we cannot say; but her red flaked seem to call at the gentlemen's house every morning to borrow the Sun. We shouldn't be surprised to learn, one of these days, that she had borrowed both his Sun and his son, and forgot to return either of them.

Answer to a Dun.—A creditor in New York a few days since received the following quaint particular from his debtor, which he (the latter) minded that his note had arrived at maturity:—

"Dear Sir.—If possible excuse note to per—
(That is dear, I can't pay you to-day.)
I of course shall be able to meet your demand,
When to provide same, as I understand:
But Fortune is all the circumstances to know,
And quite variable affairs here below;
For this and of course will excuse me,
With claims honorable and just, will comply;
Those shyers who claim must now have an end
I remain,
My dear sir,
Your o-bedgeable friend.

Sept. 4, 1848."

Causes of Criminal Quarrel.—For Pope's exquisite good sense take the following, which is applicable to "Nothing like common sense" in the aggressions of people who live together but more vanity—a sweet insisting upon what they think their dignity or merit, and an inward appreciation of each one's sense of deference and regard as answers to their own extravagant false scale, and which nobody can pay, because none but themselves can tell exactly to what pitch it attempts to." Thousands of house would be happy to-morrow if their passage were written in letters of gold over the mantle piece, and the offenders could have the courage to apply it to themselves.

The Advantage of Early Training.—The following dialogue is reported to have occurred at the Queen's residence, between a medical witness and a barrister:

Mr. Hayes, (the barrister.) If a person lying on your stomach or chest so as to affect the motions or operations of life, would it not hasten death?

Dent. Edge.—That would greatly depend on whether they had been accustomed to sleep.

Mr. Hayes.—Are you mean to tell us that if a person lived in a hearsepond, it would not be injurious to him?

Doctor Dodge.—I think not, if he had lived for 60 or 70 years in it.

Scotch Accent.—A judge of the Court of Session, well known for speaking his mother tongue in its broadest accent, as well on the bench as in common discourse, on a particular occasion was addressed by a barrister, equally noted for the elegance and purity of his style, as his Lordship was the reverse, who opened the case of his client in the following words:—"My Lord, the pur*tic*ular, my client, is an itinerant violin player."—"What's that?" said his Lordship; in that tone of "a kick fiddler?" — "Vulgarly so called," said the lawyer.

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